Fourth Installment Of This Year's **Best Story**

(Continued from Friday.)

CHAPTER VIII Wilkerson the Plotter. HEN he had thoroughly learn-

ed his lesson Wilkerson coolly, in spite of the letter he had received from Jean Darnell in New York, telling him of her willingness to finance her scheme, determined he must be friends with John Dorr, at least outwardly. So be smoothed out the visible wrinkles in his face, trying to veil the malicious gleam in his eyes, and spent two days lutely lost the vein and that if "The quietly trying to show his amiability. not only to the miners, but to Dorr himself.

Wilkerson was absolutely certain that his old partner, Thomas Gallon had really made a rich find and that he had lost the location and accepted "The Master Key" as a substitute in the bope that by working it thoroughly he might find the mother tode. In other words, careful manipulation of



"Look here, Wilkerson, maybe both of us have made a mistake."

the present mine, painstaking toil in figuring out the trend of the various hand right across the face of one of veins, would lead to that particular his new drawings, "I must raise \$10. pot of gold which had been at the end of Gallon's youthful rainbow of hopes Wilkerson was determined to be master of "The Master Key." He needed the skilled aid of John Dorr with his engineering knowledge.

John Dorr knew that there was a Ruth when he was dying. That key represented something tremendously like a mortgage on a farm." important, and that the old man had committed Ruth to his charge and had spoken of Wilkerson as his former partner and said, "Wilkerson knows."

What was it that Wilkerson knew? It was better, thought John, to accept his amiable advances and thereby possibly gain his confidence and find out for Ruth's sake that secret which Thomas Gallon had taken to his grave. don't like Mr. Wilkerson, do you?"

So on the second day after the restoration of the old scale of wages and and said bluntly: "Look here, Wilkerson, maybe both of us have made a ter Key."

Wilkerson received him amiably. "I'm sure my only interest in this business is to fetch into good ore. All that we are digging out now is dirt without eny pay in it."

"I think I know where we can strike first class stuff," Dorr returned. "There is sure pay rock if we travel south from that main tunnel. We may have

to go a couple of hundred feet." Wilkerson looked at him shrewdly. "That will cost money," he remarked. "But I'll take this up with Ruth."

John looked at him with a faint trace of the old enmity in his eyes. He did not like to bear the first name of the mistress of "The Master Key" on those

"If the mine is not paying it's up to us to make it pay," he remarked.

When Wilkerson entered the bungalow Ruth perceived a great change in his attitude. He was no longer sullen. and he was evidently worried. It was a clean worry, and she smiled at him, Had not ber father come in with that expression on his face many times? She put her chin in the cup of her hands and asked cheerfully, "What is it. Mr. Wilkerson?"

"May I sit down?" he said awk-

She motioned to a chair, and he pulled out of his pocket a paper covered

"I think you ought to know how things are going along, Miss Gallon," he said, with unusual formality. "When your father made me superintendent of this mine I did not realize that the responsibility was so beavy as it is. We are not making any money. We are losing money. You can see by ed out.

our expenses, and our last one showed practically nothing. We must find the

Master Key' mine." "That's what father used to say sometimes," said Ruth quietly. "But he always got it."

money. There is no money in 'The

Wilkerson fluszed. "Miss Gallon, I hope that you don't think that I'm not doing my best. I am. John Dorr and I have gone over this matter together. He agrees with me that we have abso-Master Key' is to pay anything more

we must find it again." Ruth's expression softened at the mention of John Dorr's name. "What does he think?" she demanded. "What is the chance of finding it again?"

"If we run west, Dorr thinks," said Wilkerson slowly, "we'll recover the vein, but that will cost money, which we haven't got. Do you realize, Miss Gallon, that the pay roll here is over \$1,000 a day? Within a week I have to pay out over \$30,000 for the month, and I tell you frankly that when I have paid that there will be no more money to the account of 'The Master Key' in the bank in Silent Valley."

Ruth realized that he was speaking the truth, even lessening the immediateness of the catastrophe, but her distaste of the man was too great to allow her to discuss the matter with him in the intimate way which she felt was necessary. She must see John

She quickly dismissed Wilkerson and then went to Dorr's office herself, meeting him at the door. She bore as a gift a small basket of fruit. Without preliminaries she said, "John, are we

He laughed; then his face grew grave. "The mine is not paying," be said briefly.

"But can't we make it pay? What is the matter?"

"Money." said John. "But why money?"

"It will cost \$10,000 to drive that new tunnel." John added as they en tered the office.

"But Mr. Wilkerson just said he was in a little while and pay you." going to pay over \$30,000 to the men." Ruth said soberly. "If we have that much money, why can't we"-

A tenderness flooded Dorr's eyes. He comprehended her helplessness, under ask for it. Go ahead, John!" stood why old Thomas Gallon had been so insistent that he, John Dorr, should George Everett, III Broadway, New York mission. look after her. She was a mere child He tried to explain the exact situation. with the result that Ruth finally pushed him off his high stool, got up on it berself and wrote in a large, childish

She swung around to John and asked, "How can I get \$10,000?"

Dorr besitated. His plan was risky in view of Wilkerson's attitude, but, after all, the money must be raised. He said quietly: "Pledge the stock you tremendous secret in Gallon's life rep own in 'The Master Key.' I know a resented by the golden key which he man in New York who will loan you had torn from his neck and handed to \$10,000 on it." He bent over her earnestly. "But listen, Ruth. If we spend had figures on it. He understood that | the \$10,000 and we don't find the moththose scratches on that golden surface | er lode, you lose the mine. It's just

"But you wouldn't suggest this if it weren't the only way out," she said briefly. "Now, how am I to do this?" "You must go to New York and see

George Everett. 1 will give you a letter to him, and he will see to it that you get the extra money we need. Meanwhile I'll keep the mine going." Ruth gave him her full eyes, "You

"I don't trust him," he replied. At this moment the superintendent his own reappointment as engineer in entered the office and, seeing their two charge John went down to the office | beads close together over the desk, he

"I came to see what we are going mistake. I'm sure my only aim is to to do about that new tunnel," he said help out in the promotion of 'The Mas- roughly. "I don't like to start in anything I can't finish." Ruth swung around to say quietly:

"I am going to New York city to see Mr. George Everett, a friend of Mr. Dorr's, and I will come back with the

"Everett, Everett"-repeated Wilkerson, "who is George Everett?"

Despite John's frowns, Ruth volubly explained. When she had finished



Wilkerson nodded and said: "I'll put the men to work temorrow, Dorr. Better have your plans ready!" He stamp

THE MASTER KEY

By JOHN FLEMING WILSON

"All right," she said, "I'll be ready

vein again. To do so we must have in an hour." John smiled. "All right; I'll take you over in the motor truck or shall we ride to Silent Vafley?"

"I've never been to New York," she said timidly, and with that inconsequential logic which maidens have, she added, "Let's ride. I'll take Patsy and you can ride Black Joe." Dorr did not understand at all that

in leaving her home for the great strange city she wished her last hours to be filled with sunshine and a familiar zest of scurrying over dry Califorpla on half broken horseflesh. "All right, we'll ride," he said.

"While you are getting ready I'll write a letter to George Everett." Ruth laid one slender hand on John's

"You're always doing things for me, John," she said simply. "Some day I'll do something for you." She slipped

away without a backward glance.

Dorf watched her trip down the hill toward her own little bungalow, and seemed to him as if he held one end of a golden thread that she was spinning through sunshine. It was an's chored in his heart. That thread would be 3,000 miles long before she saw good old Everett. He picked up his pen and wrote rapidly:

"Master Key" Mine, June -George Everett, Ill Broadway, New York

Dear George-When a young, slender, brown eyed, golden baired girl walks into your office and says, "I'm Ruth Gallon," and hands you the papers that she will nave in her little hand bag, please see that she gets \$10,000. Ever yours, JOHN DORR

He would have added more. finer instinct told him that Ruth should be the first to put the whole scheme before the cool beaded, rather cold the envelope and sealed it. Then he and impressive to her. She moved went to the telephone and called up the station at Silent Valley.

"Bill," he said quietly after listening a moment to see if any one was on the line, "I want to send a telegram. Take it over the wire, please. I'll be down

"Sure." floated back a cheerful voice. "I wish my credit was as good as Everett I heard from John." yours, ten miles away, but it seems as if I have to be always present when I

"This is it, Bill," said John:

you about "Master Key" stock. Meet ber and wire me on her arrivat. Take good care of her or I'll take care of you. JOHN DORR

The operator repeated the message and involuntarily adopted a little of John's savage intonation on the last four words. It woke him up to the fact that he was allowing his feelings to become public. He begun to see why it was that men looked at him strangely at times, when it was a question of Ruth a interests. He must restrain himself.

The operator did not hang up imme diately, but said hesitatingly: "Say. John, there's a wire here; just came in from 'The Master Key' mine. It does not seem to jibe with yours. Wilkerson sent it."

"I'll play fair," said John to himself, and he called back over the wire, "Billy, that's yours and Wilkerson's bustness, not mine." If he had listened to the tenor of the message directed to Jean Darnell, in New York, he would have learned what Wilkerson was plot-

For years Wilkerson had built up for himself a golden image in Jean Dar, nell. No one realized better than himself that she was a creature of appe tite, a lover of silk and velvet. A woman whose eyes widened at sight of a Persian cat. Feminine in every degree, womanly in none. But he himself, dominated absolutely, utterly and completely by his desires, had fallen under her spell, and he was going to win ber, no matter how. It is a strange thing that when a dishonest man finally yields to an honest passion nothing will satisfy him but the ut most observance of the ritual of society. Harry Wilkerson's vision was of walking up the aisle of a great church to meet his bride at the altar.

Yet he had always thought of her in terms of gold; that was a contrastthe pallid, satiny, blue eyed woman, voluptuous, soft-and his image of her built of yellow gold, dragged out of the bowels of "The Master Key" mine

This image was now before his eyes: Instead of the warm, sun blessed California bills, with their faint scent of sage and cactus, he saw a richly furnished room and breathed the odor of attar of roses. Let us not follow him in his dreams. But looking over his shoulder an hour later we read:

"Master Key" Mine, June -Jean Darnell, Astor House, New York

City: Find George Everett at III Broadway and meet Ruth Gallon in Chicago on Sante Fe express leaving here this evening. Introduce Drake as Everett after you have seen Everett and keep the girl to yourself until I can arrange matters.

"I can't send this through any office near here," he thought, "so I guess I'll ride down to Valle Vista and hand it to the conductor. He can send it from Los Angeles."

Three days later Ruth Gallon settled perself in the seat of a l'uliman that was soon to leave Chicago for New York. She was excited. In crossing town from one depot to another through the streets roaring with tratfic she had heard sounds that had never met her ears before-the sounds of the reports which I have here that our "You had better go this afternoon," the world's business which, oddly

John told Ruth. "There is no time to enough, seemed to be mostly nauled over cobblestones. The faint echo of that noise still rang in her ears. It ap nalled her to think that she must dwell with men who lived in such an atmosphere; also she felt very lonely. She thought of the mine, of Tom Kane in the door of his cook shanty, of the great ore bucket swinging across the guich toward the mill, of John, bending over his blue prints and papers; of the grave on the bill where her father lay, still within the precincts of "The

> Master Key." It had been so impressed upon her that her mission was of vital importance to the mine, that these tender emotions flowed into the same channel with her really keen business instinct. She pulled the key, warm from her bosom, out of its hiding place and look-

CHAPTER VIII. Jean Darnell's Ruse. HIS must be Miss Gallon." said a pleasant voice. Ruth looked up to see a

woman of florid beauty and dressed in somewhat extravagant style looking down at her out of great, tawny, velvet eyes. Western bred, Ruth responded amiably to this salutation, though she had not the faintest idea who the woman was.

"Yes, I am Miss Gallon."

"I am Mrs. Darnell," said the woman. "May I sit down? I am an old friend of your friend, John Dorr's. He bilt avenue and hurried through the wired me that I would find you on this train." The lie was so plausible that Ruth merely blushed, thinking that it denies foppery and avoids surveillance was one more token of John Dorr's It seemed strange that he should have carefulness of her comfort and safety. To her inexperienced eyes this woman represented the tremendous city to which she was going. Her dress, her manner, her jewels, the evasive perhearted George Everett. He addressed fume that she affected were all strange over a little to allow Mrs. Darnell to sit down.

"John never spoke of you," said Ruth simply. "I did not have the faintest notion that I was to meet any of his friends. Do you live in New York?"

"Yes, I live in New York. I happened to be in Chicago, and through Mr.

"Oh, you know Mr. Everett!" cried see in New York," and she went on to himself. tell, as best she could, the gist of her

she was talking that she did not inter- it Ruth Gallon. He went back into rupt this naive narrative. She sat in his car and drove to his office. Once silker silence, occasionally allowing her there he called his head clerk, an an great eyes to rest on Ruth's fair face cient and fragile man, as crisp and Ruth with an assumption of affection. As a matter of fact, she was profoundly interested Life had taught Jean Darnell a great many things, and among them had been the great lesson of self preservation-the saving for herself of money, of comfort, of bealth and of good looks. Now it was a question of money, prime among them all, and her rather keen wits saw precisely the chances which Wilkerson was taking. She recalled his oft repeated statements that there was money in "The Master Key" and his latest letters imploring

her to help him get control of the stock. When Ruth ended up with a gentle "And so I told John I'd come and see what i could do," the elder woman smiled gently Times were not so good with her as they had been, and if Har-Wilkerson could put this deal through and make money for them all it would simplify many a problem

which she dully pondered at night. "Mr. Everett will meet us at the train," she said briefly, "and then you can tell him all this. Meanwhile, suppose we talk about something else."

"But I can't think of anything else," "Oh, you will," said Mrs. Darnell, "You can combine the pleasure of seeing New York with your little business, Mr. Everett will quickly settle that part of it, and I shall take great ly. Within she found an atmosphere

tan. I presume you are fond of op-"I have never been to the opera," Ruth responded. "I should love to go. own room on the third floor and a disbut when I do go I must go all alone," she went on impulsively. "I think op- things. Ruth felt that society had al-

go all by oneself." Mrs. Darnell turned very slowly and hat" policeman. for the first time in many years revealed a secret thought: "Do you know that my only pleasant memories, my dear. are of myself?"

mind. Yet there was something in the not going into the great city all alone. nor confront Mr. Everett by herself. Mrs. Darnell made her feel that she was competently protected.

When they arrived the next morning at the Grand Central station in New York city Mrs. Darnell quietly introduced her to a slim, rather handsome young man, who seemed ill at ease uptil he had drawn Ruth's companion aside for a moment for a chat while the porter collected their luggage.

"I don't just like this game," he said "In the first place. Everett is a big man in the city, and this Miss Gallon doesn't look to me like a girl you could fool long. Anyway, I can't under stand what you are trying to do, Jean You must know what sort of a fellow Harry Wilkerson is by this time. Why play his hand for him?"

"I don't notice you nolding any trumps in your hand," she returned gently, but with a faint gleam in her eyes which made him draw back dear." She threw out her jeweled "This is my game, and I expect you to hands with a sparkling gesture of half play your part. You come on now and comic resignation. Ruth hughed. be George Everett. The girl is as ignorant as a pigeon. Remember what in New York. Don't you like him?"

"About that stock?" he said sullenly. "Yes, the stock. You understand follow her baser instinct. But at that that she came to New York simply to loose throat she saw the heavy gold of raise money for this mine. You are "The Master Key." As if it had susupposed to handle the business for her. If you don't learn all that is to key locked the door of her heart. "Of be learned about 'The Master Key course I like John," she said easily. mine in the next two days you are "We must get everything fixed up now. more than the fool I take you for."

She drew him back to where Ruth stood amid the suit cases and hand and he can talk the business over." bags and said, "Miss Gailon, Mr. Ev. creft has been telling me that he, too, has heard from John Dorr about your coming" Ruth scanned him politely. But the

interest died in her eyes when she saw what sort of a man he was. He might be a friend of John's; he might be the man to rescue "The Master ty, "It's my mine. My father left it Key" from bankruptey, but he did not to me when he died." She did not see Drake, trying to play the part of the | until Jean Darnell's eyes fairly blazed.

busy broker and, being thoroughly and temperamentally an actor, feit the chili of this lack of interest and would certainly have fallen down on his part had be not been prompted by Mrs | eyes of the god whom she had defied. Darnell. He was glad to basten away to find the elusive taxt.

The real George Everett got out of Darnell flung berself into her evil pashis limousine on the corner of Vanderrevolving doors; brisk, debonair, alert, decided; with that happy style which a photograph in his hand at which he looked intently until he got in the concourse. There he stopped and, with the picture still in his hand, commenced watching the faces of the people through the gates under the vast dome. As he waited he frowned slightly. "Why had John Dorr sent him during business hours on a wild goose chase?" He thought of this articulately and then smiled to bimself. "A wild goose!" he muttered. It ately to Everett's office. brought up darkling sunset vistas, lakes smooth as quicksilver under the evening sky, and slim, gray, beautiful birds homing downward. The frown left his forehead

"After all it will be good to see some "He is the man I am going to body from out of doors," he said to

Half an hour later he discovered that he had irretrievably missed the ar-It was typical of the woman to whom rival of the Chicago express and with bloodless as the money that passes on Wall street, and told him to see at what hotel Miss Ruth Gallon was stopping. Then he wired John Dorr:

III Broadway, New York John Dorr, "Master Key" Mine, Silent Could not find Miss Gallen at train. Am seeking for her, as it is important that the business be settled immediately. Wire

GEORGE EVERETT Far out on Broadway, above the eighties, an operator was ticking off another message addressed to Harry Wilkerson. It read:

S A West Eighty-fourth St., New York. Harry Wilkerson, "Master Key" Mine, via Valle Vista, Cal.: Everything all right. George met Ruth She is now with me and waiting further particulars. Have seen Everett under guise of prospective purchaser of stock The girl is charming

JEAN DARNELL

Some houses, like some people, should never be illumined with sunshine, and Mrs. Daruell's residence, overlooking the Hudson, was of this type. Its dull, red stone front, marked by windows that seemed blind to all that went by. was not distinctive in that neighbor hood. A thousand doors within a mile would have suggested to the passerby nothing more nor less than the great oak portals within which she lived. To Ruth Gallon, of course, the house seemed tremendously formal and statepleasure in showing you about Manhat- so absolutely strange and alien to all she had ever known that she shrank within herself and had nothing to say until she had been conducted to her creet maid was busy unpacking her era must be like church-one wants to ready laid its restrictions on her. She recognized the maid as the "gown and

This silent, but exceedingly obtrusive personage having retired at last, Ruth studied her surroundings. When she had completed her survey she thought The bitterness of that confession. to herself that there were two things with all its implication, wholly escaped wanting. One was a silk haired Per Ruth's sensitive but inexperienced sian cat and the other a flaming colored scarf across the bed that completed tone that warmed her heart to this ef- the altogether of an apartment severe fulgent creature. At least, she was ly luxurious. Then she tried to analyze the odor, delicate yet insistent. which she was ever afterward to associate with Jean Darnell and her experience in New York.

At last she traced it to some pallid flowers in the great green and dark red vase, whose unwholesome beauty was that of plants whose roots have never been in good, sound soil. They looked to her much like lilles, whose pads had floated on some dark and opalescent pool, viscid with odors of the night. She was still staring at these and sniffing their scent through widened nostrils when Mrs. Darnell knocked on the door and entered slowly. She had changed her street gown for a negligee, which instantly caught the girl's appreciative eye.

"You look beautiful," she said quickly. Jean Darnell turned her tawny eyes on her and smiled faintly. "I am not usually up until noon," she

responded. "and-I am getting old. my

A Romance of Love, Life and Money

Mrs. Darnell looked into the clear

eyes of the girl and almost failed to

pernatural powers, the sight of that

George will be here-George Everett.

"The mine isn't paying now, but John

"Ah" said Jean Darnell, "You're

"I own it all," Ruth returned proud-

the sullen hatred that slowly flamed

breathless. Then she tore off her fleecy

negligee in an intensity of slient rage

and despair, seen only by the unexcited

'It is wickedness, not virtue, which

is theatrical, and at this moment Jean

sion with all the abandon of the trage-

dian, only her voice was almost inau-

dible; "Tora Gallon, Tom Gallon, dead

though you are. I'll have revengel"

When her fury had spent itself-and,

like all physically indolent women, she

could not yield long to emotion-ske

First she called up George Drake and

made certain that he would be at her

who were always glad to fill empty

chairs at her well set table. This set-

tled, she again sought Ruth and per-

suaded her from going down immedi-

"You must be very tired, my dear,"

Mrs. Darnell purred. "And, anyway,

you know, in New York young ladies

business offices, and I cannot go with

"That will be too late," cried Ruth,

as if in surprise. "Mr. Everett is com-

ings. "You can talk business to your

When her hostess was gone she

"What was John Dorr doing?"

recalled that there was three hours'

difference in time. It was now 2 o'clock

in New York, and it was only 11 in Si-

lent Valley. Tom Kane would be just

making his final preparations for din-

bour; then she caught up and dressed

"What was John Dorr doing?"

Mrs. Darnell looked at her thought-

fully and smiled presently in a way

that made Ruth flush. It seemed to

convict her of discourtesy to her hos-

tess. "You had best have tea!" and

the girl obediently removed her bat

afternoon passed in flashes of such en

tertalnment as she had never known

It must be remembered that Ruth, fiv.

been in New York, and it seems

Anyway, I want some fresh air."

and jacket and sat down.

herself for the street again.

we'll have tea together."

Mrs. Darnell opened her eyes wide,

you until tomorrow or next day."

best's content right here."

prepared her campaign.

tode again; then we'll all be rich,"

selling stock. I presume?"

tages or the society of trained. mert smart, clever women. Mrs. Darpell was very clever and she used her every art to keep Ruth's attention. She "John Dorr says everybody gets old succeeded.

That night at dinner George Drake posing as George Everett, suddenly flushed darkly and turned to the gir at his left. "Miss Gallon," he said it a whisper, flashing his dark eyes to ward his hostess to see if she were watching, "I really hope that the trust you put in me you won't find misplac ed. I'll do everything I can to helt you, even if it is funny that I didn't

of course, I mean-tonight, and you know that John Dorr has red hair." Ruth looked at him very soberly. "I "You know, we simply must have don't just understand a great many the money," Ruth returned earnestly. things," she said. "It all seems so strange, Mr. Everett, and, you know knows where we can find the mother I am worried. I ought to go to the Ritz Carlton and see if there are tele grams for me, for that's where John would wire me. I'm afraid Mrs. Dar nell thinks I'm awfully impolite because I want to go and make sure for myself that John has not wired."

"I'll go myself," said the false Everett. looking at his plate. "I'll go to night. In fag. I'll go right now." He caught Mrs. Darnell's eve and said apologetically: "I'm afraid, my deat hostess, I'll have to leave you. I have just remembered my solemn promise to be at the club at 9 o'clock, and, besides, I've promised Miss Gallon to go to the Ritz and get her mail and telegrams." He turned to Ruth, and she noticed a very grave look in his eves. which she was to understand later: He bent gallantly over her hand and lightly kissed her fingers. "You may trust me, he said

(To be Continued.)

she called up two old acquaintances LAWMAKERS SPEND BUSY DAY HERE

Senator Craig Lauds City and is Pleased With Normal School.

The Legislative Investigating Comdo not go about unescorted to men's mittee, which spent the greater part of yesterday at the Normal School. will depart today for Mountain Grove. Mo., where they will inspect the State poultry and fruit experiment stations.

ing to dinner tonight," she said sooth-The four solons were impressed with what they saw here vesterday, and expressed hearty appr "That will be much better," said management of the Norma nembers of the committee

stood by the window trying to think ed Cape Girardeau before. more calmly of all that had happened "It is certainly an excesince she had left "The Master Key" said Senator Craig. "My mine, but one thought was prominent: has increased my knowledge of the She state. Cape Girardeau is a splendid town, with much business and an ele-

"The Normal School would be a credit to any city. It was a pleasa ner, and she could almost smell the surprise to the committee. We spent odor of his coffee. These homely de a greater portion of the day insuectails occupied her mind tenderly for an ing the buildings and meeting the

The committee was taken to the She had barely finished when the Normal School by Hon. Louis Houch maid came in with tea, followed by President of the Board of Regents as "My child, what in the world are you Capt. Harry W. Bridges, Representation going to do?" asked Jean "Look, tive-elect from Cape Girardean Couty. They first met Dr. W. S. Dea-"I was going out for a walk," Ruth mont, President of the Normal, wind responded. "You know I have never escorted the committee through the institution.

various heads of the departments."

Dr. Dearmont remained with the lawmakers throughout the day and accompanied them to a moving pic ture show last evening. When the concluded the day, the visiton wensatisfied with the work here and wood ready for rest.

Capt. Bridges and officials of the Normal hope to induce the Legislature to authorize another building to be used for Domestic Science and Agriculture. Capt Bill announced last night that he would take the matter Capital, and he spent the greater paof yesterday endeavoring to convinthe Legislative committee that the a ditional building was an absolute n

ARKANSAS FINDS MAN TO EXECUTE 9 CONVICTS

Little Rock, Ark., Dec. 1-Penitentiary officials have found a successor to Luther Castling, electrician at the State Penitentiary for the last four years, who resigned rather than off ciate at the electrocution of a white man, four of whem are now in the institution awaiting their turn in the electric chair. He is F. H. Dempsey. an Arkadelphia electrician. Castlin has electrocuted three negroes, but shame to waste this fine afternoon each time protested. A Pine Biuff ma vho agreed to take Castling's place failed to appear when he learned he would have to operate the chair.

Neal McLaughlin, a white man, who was sentenced to be electrocuted tomorrow, was granted an appeal today by the State Supreme Court. A girl It seemed to her that the rest of the who accused him of attacking her has retracted her story.

ing in the mine nearly all her life since Annie Adams of Springfield, Mo., is leaving school, had not had the advan- visiting friends in this city.



"John, are we broke?"